



# THE GOAT

Published Monthly, The Chronicles of "A" R.C.D. Price 10 cents.

Vol. I.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., May 17, 1923.

No. 3.



THE C.O.'S QUARTERS  
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ST. JOHNS, QUE.



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An' what 'e thought 'e might require,  
'e went and took the same as me."

A Monthly Journal Published in Interests of "A" Squadron, R.C.D.

EDITOR—Q.M.S.I. A. M. Doyle (I.C.) R.C.D.

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Advertising rates on application.

Contributions invited.

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The Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que., May 17th, 1923.  
With the Permission of Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.

The 5th of May was the 8th anniversary of the landing of the First Canadian Cavalry Brigade at Boulogne. The time between the 1st and 3rd anniversary was long indeed. But then we were told it was a war to end wars, and that all would be perfect Peace, after its successful conclusion. These assertions were pleasant to listen to, they were what we liked to hear, but they had nothing for a foundation.

During the late war the Canadian Cavalry Brigade was associated with British and Indian troops. It was a great school for Imperialism, and made us realize what the Empire really meant. Our outlook was broadened by contact, and many lifelong friendships were formed. Placed as we are, remote from England or India, touch is likely to be lost, unless there is some reason to bring these component parts of the British Empire together. If there is never a cent of reparation received, the financial outlay of the late War is justified by the National spirit it engendered.

## Current Events.

The evidence that is being taken before the Parliamentary Committee on Commerce and Banking makes very interesting reading these days. It seems to be a very long suffering body. It has listened to all shades of opinion and any one with any views on the subject seems to have aired them, but from the mass of evidence that has filled the columns of our journals there are just three that stand out in clear relief, they were the three practical bankers. These gentlemen spoke from experience and knowledge of their subject and could not fail to convince any one who is open to conviction. Amateur Economists have a way of basing their theories on very unstable premises, as a matter of fact, we have seen how far authorities on the subject can err in the past few years. They have one redeeming feature however, they sometimes tell people what they like to hear. These sophistries are pleasant to take, but they lead to only one possible end. Our Canadian Banking system has been held up as a model for years, granted, it is not perfect, but none of its critics had any better solution to the problems confronting the country. Our fellow countrymen in the western provinces say they find the rate of interest too high and the loan for too short

periods. It is possible that they are, but the rate must bear some relation to the cost of maintaining branches and the risks of non-payment. One wonders where and how Government assistance could be given and still keep on a sound financial basis, and if given what effect will it have on taxpayer.

The political situation in Europe may well be described as "obscure." There is only one clear policy in evidence and that is, the Germans do not intend paying anything if it can be avoided. The German Government has recently made an offer to settle, it was probably meant as a basis for further discussions but France declined to consider it and never consulted the Allies in regard to it, at least that is the conclusion one comes to from the various reports. If it is the truth the action seems to be at least inconsiderate. Germany owes money to other countries as well as France. One is bound to sympathize with France but after making all due allowances French Policy seems so petty in many cases that it annoys and irritates the friends of France. France has been promised by the French Government that Reparations would be collected. The French do not like taxes any more than other nations, and it was a case of reparations or more taxes. The Ruhr has been occupied sev-

eral months now; the coal supply has ceased, the population aided and abetted by the unoccupied portions of Germany has developed passive resistance to a fine art. The costs of occupation mount every day and France pays. To admit that the policy was ill-advised would be fatal to the Government so now it is a case of staying to whatever finish there is. Needless to say, however, a good many of the French papers blame England for the situation.

The Conference at Lausanne is still dragging on without any definite results. The Turks have not signed the Treaty and judging their present diplomacy by the past one concludes that they never will unless forced to do so. What the Turks demand is practically an indemnity. It has been the fashion the last year or so for the enemy to borrow money from the Allies, or at least try to do so, but when the enemy, after losing the struggle, demands an indemnity, it is time for action on someone's part. The wily Turk has successfully played France against England for some time past, so much so that the Entente looked as remote as the Hanseatic League. France was persuaded to send an envoy to Angora to make terms with the Turk. An agreement was made but it now turns out to have been one sided. The Turk got what he wanted, France withdrew from Cilicia. Franklin Bouillion was acclaimed a Diplomat of the highest order. At a later date when the Lausanne Conference met the result of the French agreement with the Turk was apparent, but it has embarrassed France more than any other nation, the result being that France has had to send troops to Syria to counter Turkish concentrations and now General Weygand has gone there. The reader can make his own deductions.

A new heaven and a new earth is still to be made in Russia, in fact that desirable consummation of Bolshevik desires seems as remote as ever. The Bolsheviks have introduced no new theories into political practice, but have brought forward some that the Greeks tried hundreds of years ago and discarded. The results that the Bolshevik Government is obtaining can be judged by reading a series of articles written by Francis McCullagh that have been running recently in an evening paper. Persecution of the Clergy, attempts to found new religious beliefs, shooting of foreign officials and amateur piracy are not usually included in the programmes of practical politicians today. It is probable that the slender rela-

tions between Russia and the British Empire will be broken as a result of these actions, despite the attitude of Labour, Communists or any other political body or society. The recent British Note to be answered in a week's time will probably be answered as rudely as some of the former notes and have the same results. The Russian Government has maintained so strict a censorship that nothing that is considered to their disadvantage ever gets out of the unfortunate country. The insidious propaganda has never ceased for a moment and has led to nothing but strife everywhere. The apparently inspired writings on Russian relations with European Powers make interesting reading, that is if the reader has a sense of humour. An extract taken from The Moscow Izvestia written on the League of Nations and recalling an intimation sent to the Russian Government by the League Council in regard to an International Conference at Geneva to deal with the question of extension of the principles of the Washington Naval Convention to all states not parties to the Convention. It states in the usual bombastic language that Russia is willing to confer, is willing to accept the principles, but states that,—"We look on the League of Nations as just one of those temporary associations. We have nothing whatever to do with the rights which this grouping of powers takes upon itself in deciding the fates of nations that inhabit the earth." The obvious question is—Why offer to attend the conference?

Some time ago Rumania promulgated a Constitution which was adopted by the Rumanian Chamber and Senate. Some troubles broke out in Bucharest and for a time the political sky was very threatening. The constitution has now been accepted by the country and the outlook is much better.

The recent elections in Jugoslavia has resulted in the triumph of racial parties rather than political ones. In consequence the country is divided as before, and a stable government with a broad national outlook is a long way off. This country and Italy are still discussing the Rapallo and Santa Margherita Treaties. Fiume is still the bone of contention and Italy refuses to evacuate Port Barosh and neither side makes any concession to the other.

In Manchuria a shake of the head means "Yes." Now we know the nationality of the man whom we saw a Scotsman ask to have a drink the other day.



## Here and There.

The Editor is in receipt of a telegram from Mr. W. S. Lee, Cleveland, Ohio, expressing his congratulations on our literary efforts and wishing "The Goat" every success. "Thank you Bill." Mr. Lee will be remembered by the members of the regimental sergeants' mess, at Petawawa Camp 1921, as having spent two weeks of his vacation there. He expects to pay us a visit again this year, and wishes to be remembered to all.

Now that Spring has arrived we see signs of Summer. Capt. Leblanc has been very busy, working in his shirt sleeves, cleaning up the tennis court on the officers' lawn. Judging by the number of implements lying around, brooms, rakes, shovels, wheelbarrows and a roller—He must be working!

Quite a number of people believe that the most appropriate time to woo a fair maid is in the moonlight. A certain sergeant does not apparently think so, because he has been known to dismount when on an early morning exercise ride and ogle the passing ladies.

We publish below extracts from a letter received from Major-General J. H. McBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief of the General Staff:—

"I have read with much interest the first two copies of 'The Goat' and think that the editor and his associates are to be congratulated upon the excellence of both issues. I desire to wish them continued success in the very useful work which they have undertaken. It is felt that much good for the regiment can be effected through the agency of this journal provided its standard is kept high. By this means all members of the regiment will derive much benefit therefrom, and maintain a strong interest in the publication. I feel also that the esprit de corps will be materially increased.

"Would it not be possible to make it a Regimental Journal, giving the news of both Squadrons, thereby extending its good influence and enabling the whole Regiment to profit by its publication."

With reference to this last paragraph, we would say that this was our original intention. We in "A" Squadron took upon ourselves the responsibility of making a start, with the intention that later on when "The Goat" would broaden out it might become a Regimental Magazine. We would be only too pleased to accept con-

tributions from Stanley Barracks, Toronto. We will place a page, if necessary, at their disposal and thus make "The Goat" more interesting for our comrades of "B" Squadron. "Come on 'B' Squadron, let us have some news of your doings in the old hunting grounds by Lake Ontario."—The Editor.

We are running a new column in this number under the caption "Bytown Bits." Major W. Blue, P.L.D.G., of Ottawa, contributes these tid-bits.

A Garrison Church Parade will be held in Montreal Sunday afternoon, May 27th. "A" Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons, will attend. It is expected that the Ships Companies of H.M.S. "Westaria" and H.M.C.S. "Patriot," also the Gentlemen Cadets of the Royal Military College of Canada will take part in the parade.

We are in receipt of a very interesting magazine entitled "The Service." It is a weekly paper dedicated and devoted entirely to the personnel of the United States troops in Hawaii. It was sent to us by Sgt. Instr. Kenneth J. Williams, Wailuku, Maui, T.H.

The annual sports day will be held on Victoria Day, May 24th on the Barracks recreation field. The programme will consist of mounted and dismounted events.

A Naval and Military Tournament will be held in Montreal on May 26th. "A" Squadron will put on a musical ride of 16 files and will also participate in the jumping events.

A long felt need is about to be remedied; it is intended to erect two boat houses on the river front, one for the officers' boats and the other for the boats of "Other Ranks."

A swimming pier 45 ft. by 10 ft. with a diving platform 35 ft. high has been erected off the point south of the Hospital. We hope to see S/Sgt. Ellis give an exhibition of his jack-knife and swallow dive when summer comes.

The annual clean up has been going on around barracks for the past two weeks. Several of the senior ranks have been seen enjoying themselves setting fire to the dried grass. The Barracks have been thoroughly camouflaged with white wash and paint, and now that the furnaces are no longer working, that familiar mantle of black soot which covered everything during the winter months has disappeared. The area inside the main gate is now

so full of colour that it reminds, one of the famous painter 'Turner' in one of his sunset scenes.

There is a movement on foot to use the hockey rink as a tennis court during the summer months. This would be quite an acquisition to our list of sports, but before this could be done a considerable amount of time and labour would be necessary to get the ground into proper shape.

One would think that some of the remount riders would remember that there are rakes available for the purpose of raking the tan bark in the riding school. There is not any too much tan bark on the floor at present and if the practice continues of taking an acre or two away on their clothes every time they ride in the school, there will be a serious shortage.

Major Bowie is the proud possessor of a new car. On the first appearance of this "spark-plug" our Spring Poet delivered himself of the following eulogy:—

The "Spark-Plug" is my auto; I shall not want another;  
It maketh me to lie down beneath it; it soureth my soul;  
It leadeth me into ridicule for its name sake;  
Yea, though I ride through the valleys, I am towed  
Up the hills, for I fear much evil.  
The roads and the engine discomfit me,  
I anoint my tires with patches, my radiator runneth over me;  
I replace the "blow-outs" in the presence of mine enemies;  
Surely if this followeth me all the days of my life  
I shall dwell in the "Bug House" forever.

The Flagship of the Barracks Fleet was launched in the presence of a distinguished gathering. As Mrs. King, who performed the usual launching ceremony, was about to break the customary bottle across the cruiser's bows, the Admiral, Major Stethem, bounded forward and clasped the bottle lovingly to his bosom, saying: "It's a shame to waste it." Speaking to our reporter, the Admiral said: "While this river is a death-trap to the unwary and inexperienced, nevertheless, I hope, with the assistance of Bill Hargreaves and Rear Admiral Lawrence, to accomplish some wonderful things this summer.

Bill Hargreaves launched his yacht "The Trotters," on Sunday, May 6th. Bill told our reporter that he had christened his boat with such a peculiar name, for sentimental reasons. Pte. Desnoyers,

Cpl. Jennings and Cpl. Bentley were present at the ceremony and after "The Trotters" had been successfully launched, these gentlemen proceeded to "Church."

By the kind permission of the Officer Commanding The Royal Canadian Regiment, the R.C.R. band of London, Ont., will be present throughout the whole day, Victoria Day, on the recreation field of the barracks, while the mounted and dismounted sports are in progress. This is undoubtedly the best military band in Canada, it is under the leadership of Capt. M. Ryan, the R.C.R. The programme will be worth hearing.

We hope to publish at an early date in our columns a series of articles on the History of St. Johns, and the Richelieu River, from the pen of our Barracks Chaplain, Major, the Rev. A. H. Moore, M.A. The Chaplain has long been known to be an authority on this subject and his researches have covered many years, we feel sure that our readers will appreciate what he has written.

Capt. the Rev. John MacLean, the Garrison Chaplain, Toronto, is engaged in writing a history of the Regiment since formation. We have not been informed when it will be published, but it will supply a long felt want and we assure him that it is being looked forward to with great interest.

Brig. Gen. Armstrong, C.B., C.M.G., paid a visit to the Barracks last week. He expressed his pleasure on the work of the remounts, and the able manner they are being trained by Major Bowie, D.S.O. He was also quite pleased with the appearance of the Barracks in general.

"The Goat" has intercepted a radio message to the effect that Sgt. "Jack" Donoghue, R.C.H.A. has joined the ranks of the "Benedicts."

We regret to report the death of Mr. Reid, late gen. mgr. of the Union Bank. We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Gilman.

Our Editor is a busy man these days; nevertheless he is running "true to form." Giving some fatherly advice to one of his subordinates the other day, he remarked: "Never get married, Tommy, me bhoys; and if you do so, destroy yourself—never start wall-papering a ceiling." Also, from information received from a reliable source, he, on another occasion, said: "Drove that nail in here, while you're over there."



## Personal & Regimental

Lt. Col. A. McMillan, D.S.O., of Brome, Que., the original commanding officer of "C" Squadron, was a visitor a short time ago.

Ex-Sgt. A. B. Martin, D.C.M., now with the D.S.C.R., Montreal, called to see us recently.

Col. A. H. Powell is now at M.D. No. 6, Halifax, N.S.

H. Cooke, who was batman to Major Bowie, and left "A" Squadron in 1920, is in Los Angeles, California.

Mr. A. Desforbes, formerly of "A" Sqn., R.C.D., served overseas as Sgt. in the P.P.C.L.I. and won the D.C.M., is at the Customs Office, St. Johns.

Ex-Shoeing Smith Nethercot "A" Sqn., is now working in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, at Minersville, where he has been fortunate enough to meet with some of his old town mates.

A. McClelland, late assistant to S/Sgt. Ellis, in the Orderly Room, paid a short visit to barracks last week. He is employed in the Royal Bank of Canada, Montreal.

The following memorandum has been received from Toronto:

In the first issue of "The Goat" reference was made to the unfortunate circumstances surrounding Mr. Charles Vere, of Stratford, Ont., who served with the R.C.D. in the field. Since that date, through careful enquiries, it was ascertained that Mr. Vere has apparently been one of the unfortunate and most deserving cases which, to date, has not been favourably considered by the pension authorities, and in view of his condition a recommendation was made to the Secretaries of the R.C.D. Overseas Trust Fund that a cheque for \$50.00 be forwarded as a temporary measure in assisting and relieving Mr. Vere's distress. The Trustees promptly agreed and Major General V. A. S. Williams, C.M.G., former commanding officer of the R.C.D., forwarded a cheque to Mrs. Vere, and Mr. W. R. Johnston, also one of the Trustees, most generously forwarded a personal cheque for an equal amount.

The following is a copy of the letter from Mrs. Vere, received by the O.C., R.C.D.:

Lt. Col. F. Gilman, D.S.O.,

Commanding Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Dear Colonel Gilman,—

We received on the 28th inst. a cheque for \$50.00 which you had forwarded to use from Mr. W. R. Johnston, one of your Trustees. I have just now written Mr. Johnston our humble thanks, and I hope you will convey to him our

very sincere gratitude for his kindness and also for the great confidence he has placed in us.

We also received on the 27th inst. a cheque for \$50.00 from Major General V. A. S. Williams, C.M.G., of the R.C.D. Trust Fund, and I can assure you that these two amounts, at this particular time, will be utilized with the greatest possible care.

Owing to Mr. Vere being unable to write he wishes, most heartily, to thank you, Mr. Johnston and the officers and men of the Royal Canadian Dragoons for their very kind and noble interest in his illness.

Trusting you will believe us to be,

Yours very gratefully,  
(Mrs.) Clara Vere.

The item with reference to Mr. Vere's illness, published in the first number of "The Goat" was obtained from a letter received by S. S. M. Smith from Mr. J. Henley, ex-Sgt. 1st Battalion, C.E.F., Stratford, Ont.—The Editor.

Mr. W. J. Smith, formerly of "C" Squadron, generally known as "Big Bill" is now resident at 257 Davisville Avenue, Toronto. He is doing well and keeps very fit.

### NOTES AT RANDOM.

It is proposed to discontinue, for reasons of economy, the practice in many garrison towns, in England, of firing guns daily at one and eight o'clock. In the opinion of the War Office, to-day, there are better ways of spending a sixpence than "Banging it."

We take the following notice from a daily paper:—There will be prayers offered up in St. Johns Church for the repose of the soul of Mr. M. A. N., on Friday morning, at 8 o'clock. May his soul R.I.P., at the request of his wife and family.

Old Fort Mississauga, the historic landmark at Niagara-on-the-lake, Ontario, is in danger of destruction from the action of the water on the southern shore of Lake Ontario. Heavy planks have been driven into the sand about the fort, in an effort to preserve it from further encroachment by the waves. The scene is one which recalls the old-time stockades which surrounded the fort in pioneer days of Indian wars. It is a shame to allow the old historic landmarks of our Country to go into rack and ruin. Proper precautions should be taken to preserve them for future generations. We have not got so very many.

## "One Good Turn."

The good that men do is not away interred with their bones, and when Willy Hatzmann, German soldier and humanitarian, was assigned to the "Camp of Despair" he left behind him a memory that was one day to serve him in good stead.

In the summer of 1918 Under Officer Willy Hatzmann was in charge of the prison camp at Bateau. It was a camp for N.C.O.'s and men of the Allied forces, and until the arrival of Hatzmann, as prison commander, it was known as the "Camp of Despair." The discipline was so drastic and the treatment of the captives so brutal that many of them actually welcomed death, and it is on record



Harry Deacon.

(With the courtesy of the Literary Digest.)

that in this German prison-camp there remained within a few months but 700 men out of 1,500 imprisoned. Brutal treatment and starvation had accounted for the others. Its location was not far from the German front lines, and by the orders of the Higher Command, no parcels were permitted the prisoners. Among the prisoners in the camp was Trooper Harry Deacon, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, a Toronto amateur baseball player, who had recently arrived from the prison-camp at Flavy-l-Martel, which was under the charge of the notorious Captain Muller. Nor were things much better according to Deacon, on first arriving at Bateau. With the coming of Under Officer Hatzmann, however, a spirit of humanity began to manifest itself. But even Hatzmann could not im-

(Continued on page 12.)

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## Bytown Bits.

(By Bill Blue)

High up stuff: Major R. B. Nordheimer is at present in Ottawa at headquarters, engaged in the preparation of a new K. R. & O. for the C.A.F. It is stated that among the drastic regulations being drafted for that force, is one that awards the death penalty to anyone found guilty of falling from his plane from an altitude of over 1000 feet.

Old Timers: Lieut. Col. L. P. Sherwood and Major W. A. Blue have been awarded the Colonial Auxiliary Forces Long Service Decoration. Sergt. Major W. Doxey has been decorated with the Long Service Medal. The boys are getting old.

The Little Fella: I noticed that beau sabreur Lieut. Col. Tiny Walker, D.S.O., M.C., in the park with a friend the other day. The famous "emma gee" is a little less rotund, shall we say.

In Town: Lieut. Col. F. Gilman was in town last month to attend the Vimy dinner at Government House. He reported a pleasant time was had.

Summer training: The P.L.D. G. will do their training this summer at Connaught Ranges. Col. Sherwood will be in command and it is hoped that Major F. Sawers, M.C., R.C.D., will be sent down as Cavalry Instructor.

Q.M.G. 'Shun: The action of the Q.M.G. branch in supplying waterproof coats to the members of the P.F. is being much commented upon by those who take an interest in matters military. Why in the name of heaven a soldier has only had a heavy winter cloak to cover him from rain on a day in summer for so many years, no one knows. The Navy have always had their oilskin coats as an issue but T. A. had to sweat in a blanket lined greatcoat. If the Q.M.G. never does anything else for the enlisted man he has at least done this. The next step is free beer for the troops—in Quebec.

Bull Dog Sippi: Saw old Bill Sippi, who was with C Squadron, in town the other day. Bill is a paint expert and was closing a contract with the Public Works for painting Ottawa red when Agnes McPhail gets married.

Batter up: Joe Kennedy who used to twirl for the regimental ball team in France and who has

been playing in the Ottawa City League, says he is through with the game as far as playing goes. Joe says there is more money in being an umpire and will be seen with a chest protector on this summer. At present he is with the City Corporation at the Water Works.

Red Patch Celebrate: The Old Red Patch Association held a successful dinner on the 21st April at the Homestead Inn. Among the speakers were the Hon. G. P. Graham, Major Gen. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and the Rev. Major G. R. D. Kilpatrick, D.S.O.

Has retired: "Silent" Bill Proby, who was transport officer of the regiment during the closing days of the late unpleasantness, has retired to pension from the R.C.M.P. The well known Bill could make his voice travel faster over a measured mile than anyone else in the brigade. His chief object in life was to make himself heard.

Christmas Cheer: Apropos of the retirement of Bill Proby, I call to mind that fateful Christmas eve in 1918, when the Christmas cheer for Brigade headquarters, was reported missing at Lloyds. Bill had an idea that perhaps the transport boys might be able to furnish a reasonable theory, but to all his polite cross questioning he could get no satisfactory answers. The only clue was an empty bottle near the transport lines. "I didn't give a dam about the brigade being dry," said Bill, "if only the blighters had asked me if I had a mouth on me."

According to Dr. Emile Gagens the left ear is much slower to receive sound than the right. Now we know why a Scotsman always stands on your right when visiting a hotel bar.

It is a well known fact that the average American has a very hazy knowledge of the history of any country outside his own. This was very forcibly emphasized a short time ago. On the arrival of the air Clipper "King George," at Croydon, one its trip from Paris a number of passengers took a taxibus to London. While passing through Trafalgar Square one of the party, an American, noticing the noblest naval shaft in all the world, remarked, "I s'pose that's Napoleon's monument?" On being told it was England's memorial to Lord Nelson, he paused for a moment, as if deeply considering the problem. "Well," he finally remarked, "they both wear the same hats." "Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur."—The Ed.

## CAVALRY TO CAMP UNDER NEW SYSTEM

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Instructional Course.

An important instructional encampment of the Cavalry units of the Fourth and Fifth Military Districts will be held at St. Johns, beginning on June 24 next, and will continue for a period of sixteen days.

In the past it has been the practice for one regiment at a time to go to St. Johns and remain there for a brief period, being followed by another unit. This year five regiments will be there at one time. These will be the 7th Hussars, the 11th, the 13th Scottish Light Dragoons, the 17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars, and the 26th Eastern Townships Mounted Rifles.

One important change is that in no case will a unit be at full strength, but, instead, a skeleton organization will go into camp. This organization will consist of the Headquarters staff of each regiment, the squadron and troop officers, and the non-commissioned officers with some selected specialists, making an average of, perhaps, 7. individuals from each regiment.

The purpose of this change is to permit of officers and non-commissioned officers following out a proper course leading to examinations for qualifications in their ranks and appointments in order to obtain their requisite certificates.

## At Depot of R. C. D.

The instructional camp will have the benefit of being at the Depot of the Royal Canadian Dragoons which will permit of trained troopers being available for daily drill, as well as trained mounts. In addition the officers will be available for instructional purposes, and with the benefit of such equipment and in the proper atmosphere it is considered that the course will prove a most useful one.

The plan which will be followed in June was agreed on by the officers of the units concerned. There were alternative proposals, but this was regarded as being likely to afford the greatest benefit to the regiments.

The present barracks are not sufficiently large to accommodate all ranks so that the non-permanent cavalymen will spend their time while at St. Johns under canvas.—Montreal Gazette.



## Notes from Toronto.

Under the patronage of His Excellency Lord Byng of Vimy, The Toronto Hunt Club (Eglinton) gave a Carnival, which included Circus, Gymkana, Horse Show, etc., in the new Coliseum in the Exhibition grounds on April 12th. The committee consisted of The Master, Geo. W. Beardmore, Esq., as Hon. Chairman, Geo. Leacock (brother of Stephen), Chairman; Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., Secretary; Major Clifford Sifton, D.S.O., Dr. C. A. Temple, and Capt. Lyall Scott (late Fort Garry Horse). Ringmaster was Major Widgery, late R.C.D.

The handling of jumps was done by a party of B Sqn. under Sergt. Hallett. The handling of the circus apparatus was under the care of Corpl. Harding, R.C.D. The music was provided throughout the evening by the band of the 48th Highlanders under the direction of Capt. John Slatter. Pipe-major Fraser and pipers of the band gave selections on the bagpipes during the evening. The weather was extremely kind and the Royal Coliseum was filled to capacity, the building holding nolding 8,000 people. Every box had been sold three weeks before the night and half the three thousand reserved seats had also gone. A most enthusiastic crowd flocked to the Show. The Club owe a lot to the Royal Winter Horse Show that took place in the same building last November, which drew so many thousand horse lovers there night after night. The carnival spirit was also stirred up in the hearts of many Torontonians a few weeks previously by the very successful Skating Carnival.

The most optimistic members of the committee had not hoped for so large a crowd and such tremendous appreciation of the efforts of those responsible for the organization and those who took such a trouble to make their part in the arena a success. Everything went off as if it had been rehearsed for months previously. A feature of the whole performance was the fact that there was not a single minute interval from eight o'clock when the band started until The King was played at eleven o'clock sharp.

After a very nice selection by the band, a short turn was given by a large jazz band which was mounted on a large lorry kindly loaned by Col. Wm. Hendrie (Pres. Ontario Jockey Club). Then followed the Hunting Court, in which a couple of dozen riders in pink rode about preceded by the Master, the Huntsman and the Whips and the hounds. This was a very picturesque sight. A very

comical circus turn was then rushed in. One of the Hanneford popular comic acts was put on by Major Timmis, D.S.O., Sergt. Tamlyn, Sergt. Buell, Cpl. Galloway and Lieut. Chadwick. Special permission was obtained from Poodles Hanneford. This act fetched fits of laughter from the kiddies. The horse that took part in this act was much admired by the horsemen generally. Everyone asked how we trained it. Then followed the Children's court, in which there were about 50 little children on their ponies. Many of these formed groups representing nursery rhymes. The clowns again rushed in and put on a ten minute act while the jumps were being taken out. The pony mascot of the Regiment was brought into this turn.

Next to this came the Grand Parade, in which about one hundred horsemen and women dressed in the most gorgeous of costumes. Some of the Courts were magnificent. Miss Price (sister of the late Lieut. Evan Price, D.S.O., M.C. and Bar, R.C.D.) was responsible for King Arthur's Court in which the dresses were very well made and the effect was wonderful. After this the R.C.D. clowns came on and did some clever pyramids on five horses, these pyramids followed one another so quickly that the crowd became quite excited, asking in many cases who the professional acrobats were. The large circus ring was then put down in the centre of the arena and a vaulting turn accompanied by a great deal of comic stuff was put on by Lieut. Chadwick, Sergt. Tamlyn, Cpl. Galloway, Pte. Taylor, G. Reading and Gray. This act was very well received and looked very well.

Next came pair jumping, which was a very popular event with the horse lovers. The best pair was put on by Major Timmis and Lieut. Chadwick, who had great fun at first pretending to get their horses over the first jump and having many falls in the attempt. Next followed a very amusing turn; a matched race between Spark Plug and the Colonel's Sassie Soosie. Spark Plug was ridden by Sam Jarvis, brother of Capt. Mill Jarvis, M.C., late R.C.D.

Next came another circus act with two horses and four of the clowns inside the ring, this concluded with some pyramids at the centre with three and then four riders up.

A five foot jumping class followed then, which was a very excellent show. The showing of the world's record high jumper, Confidence, owned by Sir Clifford Sifton came next. The jump was 8 ft. and one-half inch, made in

1913. Jack Hamilton rode the horse under the jump and a number of the wise ones wanted to know why the horse was not put over it. The horse is 23 years old now. Bareback jumping event followed and showed some very good riding by the younger members of the Club.

Next came a single act in the circus ring by Major Timmis on his horse. Following this was the ever popular V.C. race. One of the dummies was a live one, supplied by one of the clowns (an officer) who had rather a rough passage, but managed to get away with only a black eye.

Then followed another equestrian act by Lt. Chadwick, Sgt. Tamlyn, Cpl. Galloway and Pte. Reading assisted by two lady riders, Misses Templeton and MacPherson. And lastly came the popular Musical Chairs.

Throughout the performance all the entries had been specially chosen with a very limited number of contestants in each event, otherwise it would have been impossible to have kept the programme on time. The committee had much work to do, but they would never have got through with it all had they not had the greatest assistance, as usual, from the City Police Force and all the members who took part in the various events. Each event had its own Convenor, who had nothing to do except to see that his act was properly rehearsed and ready to go on the moment the circus event commenced to leave by another gate. Next year the committee hope to have two or even three nights. We hope to see some of the "A" Sqn. chaps up, too.

The following is an extract from Regimental Orders:

A travelling escort will be furnished by the Royal Canadian Dragoons on the occasion of the visit of his Excellency the Governor-General of Canada to the Toronto races, Woodbine Park, on the afternoon of May 19th and May 24th.

### Memorandum.

Undoubtedly all ranks of the Royal Canadian Dragoons at this Station are most anxious to have the "A" Squadron paper "The Goat" prove a great success and a permanent publication, either as it at present exists, or expanded into a Regimental Journal.

It is, however, most evident that in order to ensure success the greatest assistance, both financially and by contributions of inspiring and interesting articles for publication, must be given, and an appeal is therefore made to all ranks to make their utmost endeavour to assist in this work and

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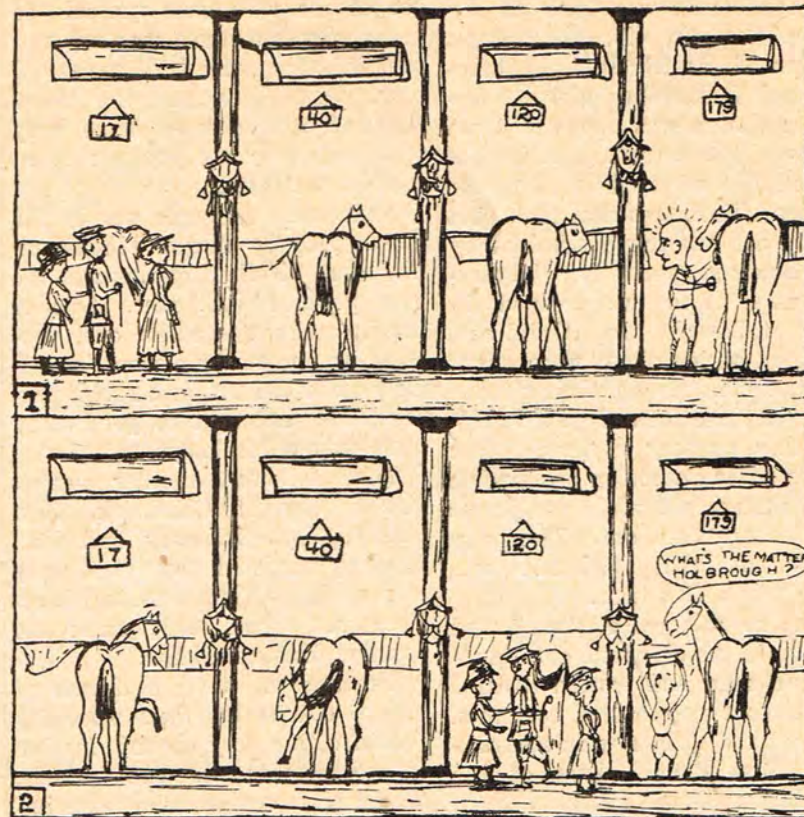
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### THE REMOUNT STABLE.



The Day was close and sultry,  
As Baldy cleaned his team;  
And the perspiration fairly rolled,  
A-down his time-worn bean.

A Major passed  
through with some friends,  
As the driver them espied,  
He grabbed his hat and put it on,  
His old bald dome to hide.  
M. M. P.

it is suggested that those who can make use of copies through individual subscriptions, subscribe direct or through the Orderly-room, and that due consideration be given by all to the voting of grants from the funds of Regimental Institutions, and also that those willing to undertake the writing up of articles on matters of Regimental interest, advise the Adjutant of their willingness to help in this way or forward such articles to the Adjutant for transmission to the Editor.

All ranks are also urged to endeavour to expand the circulation of the publication by not only drawing it to the attention of ex-members of the Regiment, but also to interest members of other Permanent Units as well as members of the Non-Permanent Active Militia and Civilians.

### THE WIND UP AT K 5.

(By Our Stanley Barracks Correspondent.)

To some people Festubert, in May 1915, was a garden party, but to the R.C.D's, it being our first time in the line, and not being as yet possessed of that war-weary feeling, but rather hankering after the honours and glories of war, it was a thrilling experience. This thrill, I am sorry to say, was rather like a first love—it did not last. On the 24th May, 1915, we

were occupying the reserve line; feeling pretty thirsty (which I must say is not an unusual occurrence), I was building a fire preparatory to brewing some "char." I had just placed a few rocks in the required position, with my cauteen balanced precariously on top when D.D.Y. shouted from the doubtful security of a dug-out (thrice honoured by being called by that name)—"Hey. Come in out of that." I dived headlong for his arms, as something exploded uncomfortably close; when we had sorted ourselves out, I found that my fire-place and canteen had gone never to return.

Later on the "Post Office Rifles," a London Regiment who were on our right, went "over the top." Being new to this sort of thing, a number of the "Black Troop" crowded out to witness the charge. Jessie, Matty, Jimmy and Jack and a few more got greatly excited watching the charge and the antics of a little dog, which accompanied the London troops. To make a more realistic effect, a German gunner threw a shell unpleasantly close, when the smoke had cleared away, six stalwarts of the "Black Troop" were observed to be fiercely hugging "Mother Earth."

Shortly after this I was detailed to take a water party up to the front line. The Sgt. Major informed me that he was doing me a

great favour in giving me this chance to gain distinction. I had 16 jars to fill so eight men and yours truly strolled down to Festubert, and reached there without mishap. I found a water-cart, but the youth in charge told me it was reserved for the "Post Office Rifles." Just then a shell burst a few yards away, we all ducked, when I arose the water-cart man hand vanished; so we filled our jars and conveyed them safely to the King Edward Horse and the Strathconas. On coming back I noticed a lot of packs and several pairs of field glasses in a dug-out; thinking the glasses had been left by someone who no longer needed them I was just fastening a pair on my back when a voice broke the stillness of the dug-out, "Hey, what the blinking H... are you doing with my glasses?" Turning round I beheld "Lottie," and explained that I wanted a closer view of the German front-line. Poor "Lottie," he laughed—he could always appreciate a joke—he "went west" at Messines—a sad loss.

After I had reported to the Sgt. Major that I had returned O.K. with 16 empty jars, he said, that as I knew the way, I had better take another water party up. My heart failed me, a funny feeling assailed me in the pit of my stomach, I stammered out: "Sgt. Major, I'm not worthy of all this honour and don't want to make the other fellows jealous—please give someone else a chance"; to which he replied, "A.T.A., you're the only man for the job, go in boy and win your spurs, but leave the address of your next of kin at the office." Well, I repeated my previous trip without mishap, but with inward trepidation, and returned hungry, thirsty and weary. As I was shuffling along, I saw a basket on top of the trench; thinking it would make good fuel, I claimed it. As I entered my dug-out, Jack remarked, "Hello, not dead yet, what's in the basket?" When I opened it, a sight fit for the gods met my eyes—chicken, ham, bread and a bottle of on Vin Blanc. Needless to say, we spent no time admiring the scenery, but set to with humble gratitude, and offered up a prayer of thanks for our unconscious benefactors. The same evening I overheard someone say—"What's up Mac, you look as cheerful as an undertaker?" "Well, I ought to," Mac replied, "some blighter has 'boned' my 'tiffin basket,' containing three days' rations." If Major Mackie of the L.S.H. should see this I hope he will forgive me; I can assure him that I never ate a more enjoyable meal.

That night just as we were about to be issued with the 'over



proof, we were ordered up the line, and as I had been over the ground, I was given the doubtful honour of guide. I was leading and reached K 4 safely, but as the Engineers had been repairing the trench everything looked strange to me. We walked on and on—I thought we would never stop—we were heading right for the German trenches. Coming around a traverse I saw the Germans right in front of me, my hands and knees shook, all the sins of my past life flashed before me; taking a firm grip of my rifle, I bayoneted the first German, just then "Halt in front" was passed up. Why didn't the Germans throw their hands up? Then someone laughed and Matty said, "It looks to me as if those Guys had been dead some time." They were—the Post Office Rifles had nabbed them on May 22nd, 1915.

A. T. A.

The identity of the person signing himself A.T.A. was a complete mystery to our readers, until George Gill, who has apparently been taking a course in Criminology and Caligraphy, pierced the veil of his disguise, and discovered that the initials A.T.A. bore no relation whatsoever to the Army Temperance Association, but was in reality, "Billy off the Pickle Boat," hiding his literary genius under a nom-de-plume.—The Editor.

## OUR SOCIAL CORRESPONDENT.

(Chronicles of Cuthbert)

### The Smoking Concert.

Everything moves along in the same old way, when fate as personified by the Sgt. Major, allows it to do so, and we have been pretty humdrum lately. We had a smoking concert on the night of April 28th; it was rather a good show of its kind; all seemed to be enjoying themselves, the artistes especially. I wonder why they call them 'smoking concerts'; one could very easily suggest much more suitable names. The musical part of the evening was preceded by a few boxing bouts:—Don't be alarmed, fair reader, no one was hurt in this manly pastime. I like that word, pastime—it's so expressive. After the athletic element had gracefully ceased fire, the company retired to the mess-room, where they were entertained for the remainder of the evening.

Pte. Jewkes sang some comic songs in a very finished manner, and Cpl. Hargreaves rendering of "Spring is coming," held the audience enthralled. Pte. Chandler drew some exquisite music from his violin, and Pte. Gardner fol-

lowed suit on a barrel. While it is unfair to pick out any of the artists for special mention, a general degree of excellence being maintained throughout the evening, it would be much more unfair to omit mentioning Bill Manning, whose toe dance was a thing of fairy lightness and buoyant gracefulness. After a great deal of persuasion, he being rather shy, Capt. Leblanc was prevailed upon to sing "Cabb-ages, Ca-beans and Ca-rrots," then Capt. Halkett surpassed himself in that romantic ballad "I'm shy, Mary Ellen, I'm shy."

Sgt. Major Smith proposed the health of the officers of "A" Squadron and the singing of the time-honoured refrain and the usual cheers went with a "click," but when Major Bowie, in reply, called on the officers, they, though numerically weaker, easily outdid the N.C.O's and men. After the officers had retired, the company seemed to relax. One man who had been industriously using a pocket handkerchief all the evening, was observed using the unconventional sleeve. It was deeply regretted that Sgt. Goodall was unable to give his Diabolo exhibition, as he had loaned his kit to Tom King, who was appearing, that same evening, at the Capitol Theatre, Montreal.

### The Men's Dance.

The Men's Mess entertained their friends at a dance in the Gym. on Friday night, May 4th. My poor pen could not possibly describe this pleasant function fittingly, suffice to say that the dancing continued until the "wee sma' hours of the morning." The Orchestra rendered all the latest dance hits in perfect time. We have the satisfaction of knowing that "when Winter comes," we have something to look forward to instead of snow fatigues.

"After Trafalgar, Lord Nelson was cool towards the ladies of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, but his martial heart was warmed in the presence of 'Lady Hamilton'."

The above extract from the "Boston Sunday Advertiser" is a striking vindication of spiritualism. We admire the uprightness and courage of a periodical, which on becoming acquainted with a startling fact, does not hesitate to publish it. Here we have an eminent mortal, on becoming conscious of the mystery of life and death, snubbing his Royal Admirers and warming (that word is rather suggestive) himself in the love of his humble innamorata. We think that Nelson was not only cool after Trafalgar but also—Stone Cold.

## PTE. CATAFORD ON TOUR.

Famous Medical Man to Act as Judge in Complexion Contest.

Pte. Cataford, who was considered by many to have been unfairly treated in the recent Beauty Contest at St. Johns, Que., has been selected to act as judge in the "Frontenac Complexion Contest." He will visit the various Canteens in our Fair Dominion in search of the best complexioned Canteenite.

Pte. Cataford's rise to fame has been remarkable. In the course of a few weeks he has leaped from comparative obscurity to a popularity unequalled by even the most famous men of any time. His interpretation of Nelson a short while ago made him the idol of St. Johns, and his passionate acting in the difficult part of Salome has made his name a household word throughout the Province. Notwithstanding the universal adulation to which he has been subjected, adulation that might well make any man a veritable snob, a less conceited man than Pte. Cataford is hard to imagine. Born in the little town of Giants Causeway on the Southern Shores of Scotland, of poor but noble parents, his father being an Elder of the Mormons, he was christened Patrick Fitz-Offen Georgia Spahetti Napoleon Cataford. The Fitz-Offen is a decoration won by his maternal grandmother, who was subject to fits.

His early days he tells us, were days of hardship; how for hours at a time he had to go without a drink; how his bootlegger used to overcharge him, how his neck ached from eating so much spaghetti, and how he came to Canada and founded the Station Hospital; from then on his history is a matter of public knowledge.

"George Green is the person to whom I attribute any little success I have gained," he says. "You know what a wonderful complexion George has, as clear as the daylight between a recruit's knees and the saddle when he is learning to ride, and as transparent as the motives of our needy friends, when they greet us with effusiveness; he informed me that the finest cosmetic for the complexion was a copious use of 'Frontenac.' I followed Green's advice and after a short time my face began to bloom with the clear colour of perfect health, and now 'my face is my fortune.' Shortly after I started to use this preparation, I found that all the good-looking men I knew were also using it—Tom King, Bill Hargreaves, Hoppy and Tommy How are just a few of the eminent personages to

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whom I refer. Consequently when I have completed my tour and found the individual I am seeking, if he is not already using Frontenac you may be sure I will strongly advise him to do so for no matter how good a person's complexion is, Frontenac will make it better. On my visit to Stanley Barracks, I came across two likely candidates, Jack Copeland and Freddy Cox, both have good complexions but neither of these gentlemen uses Frontenac; now I venture to say that if either Jack or Freddy had been a user of Frontenac, my tour would in all probability have gone no further than Toronto. I thought at first that Freddy Cox was an American; he speaks with a pronounced nasal twang, but was surprised when he told me he was a citizen of Dublin."

From Pte. Cataford's testimony one can easily see the immense advantages to be derived from a generous use of Frontenac. We shall follow his tour with interest and await his final decision with perfect confidence that he will not abuse his Judicial position.

It is only fair that we publish in conjunction with this article an extract from a speech by Tom King, at the annual re-union of the "Anti-Pani League," addressing a select gathering he said: "Gentlemen, while the majority of us can advance a perfect argument extolling our favourite toilet preparation, I think, and am also giving the opinion of our learned friend Harry Karcher, whom I recently visited that it is not in the individual use of one cosmetic that we can obtain the best results. We, Harry Karcher and I, have found that the happy blending of Frontenac and Dow's Special to be very efficacious, and I hope that all present will give this method a fair trial."



## The Last Post.

Young Bill, to his father who was at the time very busy: "Say, Dad, what's Fat?" Father: "Fat, what do you mean?" Bill: "Why the game they play in the canteen?" Father: "Oh, you mean the card game?" Bill: "Oh, it's a card game? I thought it was something to eat; (slight pause) well, how do you get the 'Eighteen Wallah' if you have nothing in your hand but the 'Four Spot?'" Father: "Oh, Gol Darn the Kid, I don't know. Ask Mickey or Neavo."

A dashing young Staff Sergeant recently went into a barber's shop on Richelieu Street to have his fatal beauty treated with Rudolph Valentino's new preparation for young men who wish to obtain that kind of complexion you love to touch. This treatment necessitates the face being steamed with a hot towel. The silence in this Refuge of Young Old Men was suddenly broken by a yell and a cry of "Man, Oh, Man, take it off." The barber replied, "I can't, sir, it is too hot to hold and I had to drop it."

Who was the trumpeter who tried to sound "stables" with some chewing-gum in his mouth? Did the call sound "Wrigley."

Where did Tommy How find the pair of pliers he lost two years ago? Is the Q.M. Stores a receiving station for lost property?

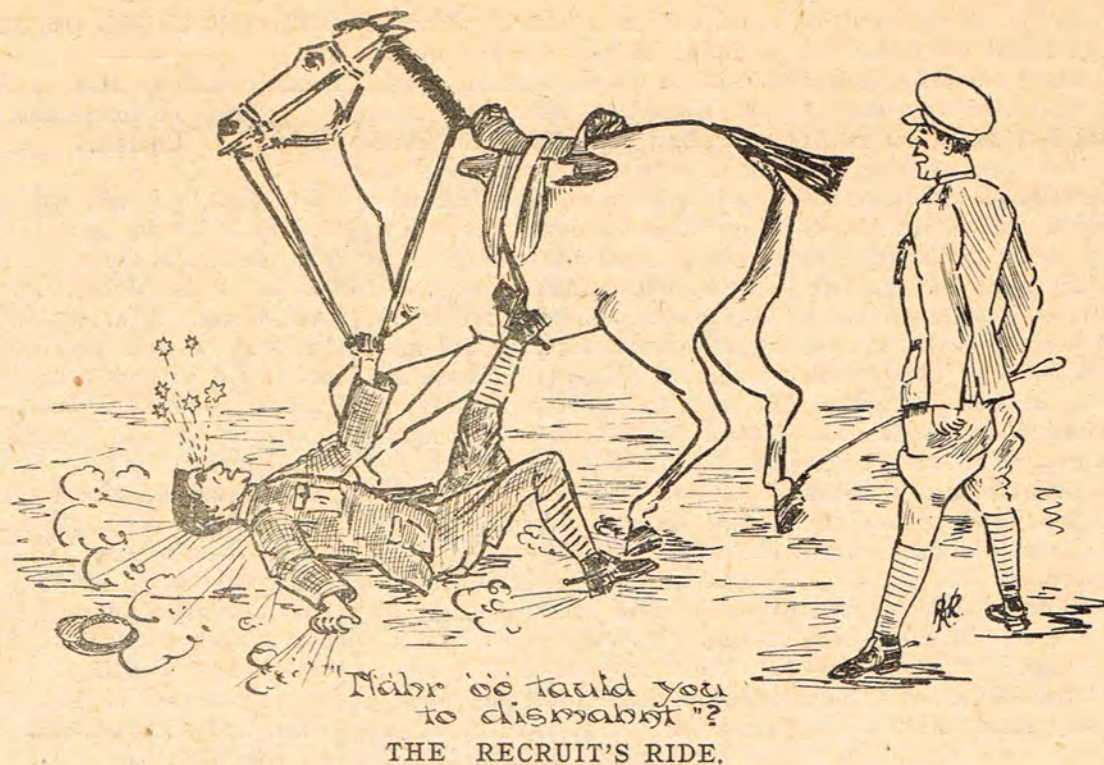
Sgt. Major Smith, announcing a turn at the late smoking concert, said, "The next item on the programme is a selection on the mandoline solo by Pte. Wheeler." Pte. Wheeler must be an ambidextrous musician.

Spring, like a young lady, who has been bashfully denying us her presence, has at length condescended to visit us, and a number of our personnel have succumbed to that malignant malady—Spring Fever.

Surf riding is, I believe, very enjoyable, but Sgt. Hopkinson tells me that tan bark riding has 'got it beat a mile.' Why do they call a green horse a remount? Is it because every time we fall off we must mount again?

The squadron is unanimously in favour of adopting tennis—try to imagine Pte. Desnoyers or Sgt. Merrix saying "seventeen love."

The S.Q.M. Sgt., who, because he draws the exact amount of rations to which the squadron is en-



## The Letter Box.

Dear Editor,—

Reading one of your statements in the "Letter Box" of your issue of 17th April, caused me to think. This alone would be sufficient provocation to make me write to you, for it is contrary to my usual habits to have thoughts on any subject. To proceed, I refer to the

titled, and after issuing these rations to the various branches of the squadron, finds he has a surplus at the end of each month, is inclined to think he is a miraculous sort of person; but, when he attempted to repeat the miracle of "walking on the water," he got a rude and wet awakening. This did not, however, 'damp' his ardour, for he next ordered a 'field forge,' which, as we all know, is an inanimate object, to remove itself from his sight.

Some of the remounts are abnormal animals, if we are to believe Ptes. Harrington, Rodney and Cpl. Barker. These intelligent youths would have us believe that the "hock" is between the horse's ears or else closely related to his feet; but Sgt. King surpasses even these inexactitudes. On being asked what a hock was, he replied: A German word meaning "Bravo."

One hears some astounding assertions in the course of a day; but when Pte. Short declares Montreal to be the largest port in the world, it is really the "last straw." Patriotism is a splendid virtue; but when it blindfolds the eyes and ignores facts, it is rather a mixed blessing.

remarkable exploits of a certain peacock. Now, Sir, in my palmy days of youth, I was an ardent collector of birds' eggs. My collection contained specimens of every known variety of egg, not excepting those of the ant and the crocodile. It pains me to admit, however, that I was unable to secure a specimen of the egg laid by the peacock. Your correspondent J. G. is either a would-be Munchausen or the Curator of the British Museum is wrong, for he assures me that the peacock is not of the "genus oviferous." He assures me that it is only too obvious that you know nothing of Ornithology.

G. C. H.

"Brevity is the soul of wit." We cannot over-elaborate any of our jokes. This would be an offence against the intelligence of the majority of our readers. Irishmen are usually held to be fairly witty and quick to see the point of a joke but I suppose a certain amount of latitude must be allowed in the case of an Irishman from Yorkshire who, if he has not seen the point of this joke resembles the man who never heard the story of the three eggs—two bad. "Eggs-actly," G. C. H.—The Editor.

Changing now to your erudite (?) remarks anent the various members of the football team. I have received a letter from the Secretary of the Glasgow Rangers F. C. asking if Sgt. Campbell will "buy out" as they wish to secure his services for next season. The Secretary pointed out (and very truly) that if they can secure this unique player (a stone-wall forward) they will be able to do without their back division. Should

you, Sir, ever attain to a state of perspicuity you will see that this would revolutionize football, and, incidentally save large sums of money that are now being paid to useless backs.

Abusively yours,

G. C. H.

When the moon is "in perigee," as it is at present, it exerts a peculiar influence on the temperaments of certain people, perhaps this is the reason why our correspondent was compelled to depart from his usual staid habits, and caused his mind to wander and having done so he became imbued with "Cacoethes Scribendi." The above epistle being the result. The remarks of G. C. H. are rather ambiguous, had he been in the habit of thinking, he might have made inquiries as to how such a statement appeared in the "Goat". We acknowledge the "faux pas," but such occurrences are unavoidable in journalism. The mis-print can be explained as a typographical error. The sentence in question originally read "When he played back last year, he was a regular stone wall." It is too bad that the Secretary of the Glasgow Rangers went to the expense of purchasing a stamp to write to G. C. H. However, Napoleon said, "the best method of attack is in defence," and if Sgt. Campbell is of such an aggressive nature that he is a constant worry to the opposing team, surely we might be pardoned for the "simile," "Stone Wall." "De minimis non caper curat" or for the benefit of our readers—"The Goat" does not trouble itself about trifles."

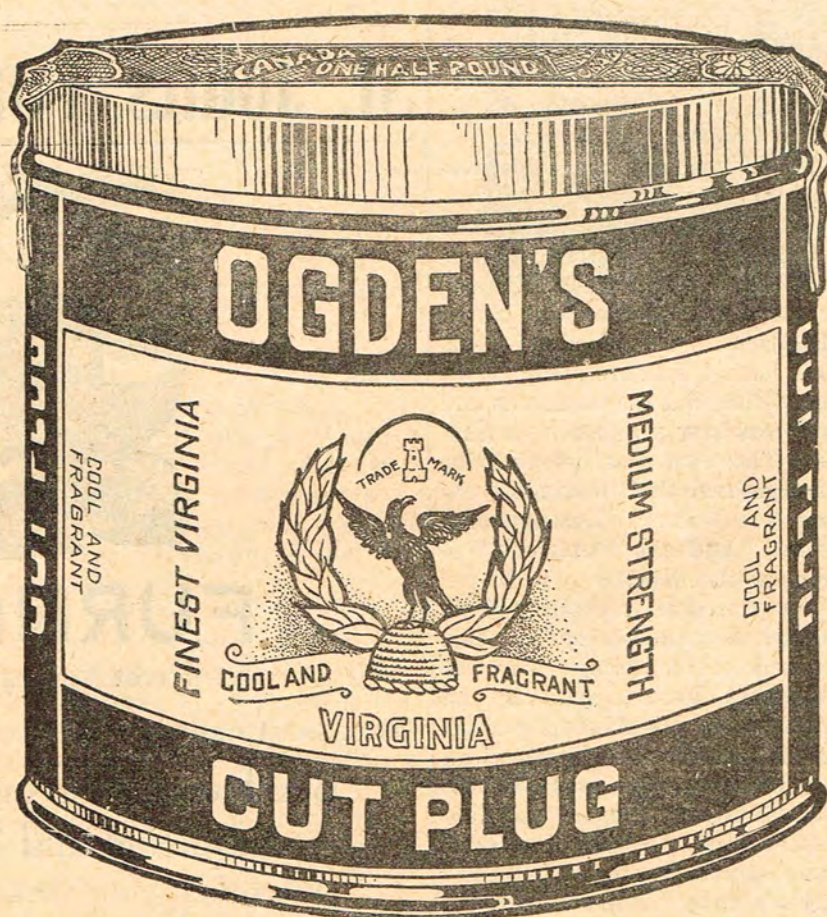
The Editor.



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### ATHLETIC COLUMN.

The following games are to be played by "A" Squadron, in the Third Division, P.Q.F.A., during the coming month:—

At Home—

Buffaloes—May 24th.

Outremont—May 26th.

Tormount—June 16th.

Away—

Greenfield Park—June 2nd.

Molsons—June 9th.

It may be necessary to postpone the game on May 26th, as some of the players are taking part in the Naval and Military Tournament at Montreal on this date.

### The Football Season Opens.

On Saturday, May 5th, before a moderate crowd at Tetreaultville, the Squadron Football Team played their first match of the season against Sunnyside. The teams appeared on the field punctually at 3.30 p.m. and lined up as follows:—Sunnyside—A. Dunlop, J. Love, J. Berry, G. Brewston, W. Hill, W. Cunningham, J. Houghton, R. McFarlane, A. Borwick, J. Dunlop and A. Litzen.

Pte. Campbell (goal); L/Cpl. Gilmore, S.S.M. Smith (backs); Pte. Kelly, Pte. Woods, Lt. Hammond (half-backs); Pte. Rowe, Pte. McClary, W. Nethercut, Sgt. Campbell and Pte. Lawrence (forwards).

Referee—Mr. H. Watson.

Sunnyside won the toss and took advantage of the prevailing breeze. From the kick-off the Dragoons took the play into the home-goal area, but the Sunnyside defence cleared in great style. End to end play ensued, both defences playing a good game, but the visitors seemed to have a slight advantage. About fifteen minutes after the kick-off, Sgt. Campbell received the ball in mid-field and running through passed to Nethercut, who slipped it past the home goalie. Sunnyside pressed hard but found the visiting defence right at home. Our forwards seemed to lack that cohesion which makes an attack so dangerous, they seemed troubled with the apparent lightness of the ball. Just before half-time Pte. Campbell received one of those 'googly-shots' which baffle many a goal-keeper; throwing himself full length he just managed to scoop the ball round the post.

Nothing came of the resulting corner; half-time arrived with the score R.C.D. 1; Sunnyside 0.

The Dragoons were easily the better side in the second half, the play being mostly in the home end of the field. However, our forwards, having left their shooting boots at home, were content with running the ball over the line. Of course one cannot expect a high degree of combination and first class marksmanship in an opening game. Our defence, on the other hand, played a sterling game, the final score reflects their merit. Neither side scoring in this half, the whistle sounded with the score R.C.D. 1; Sunnyside 0.

### THE ARMY F. A. FINAL.

The teams to reach the semi-final of the Army Football Association Cup were those of the R.A. S.C., 1st Durham Light Infantry, 2nd Cameron Highlanders and the 2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers. The first named being represented by the Training Establishment eleven at Aldershot. The R.A.S.C. have won the Cup previously at the instance of the Woolwich team, and the Aldershot eleven of the Corps were runners-up another year, when Roberts, the old Welsh international player was coach. The Faithful Durhams have been successful in the competition, but the Camerons and Borderers have yet to score a final win. The Camerons defeated the Durhams and the "Commos" the Borderers thus leaving the "Jocks" and the "Commos" to fight out the issue.

This proved an interesting final, both teams representing a fine standard of the Army Cup at Aldershot. Their opponents the 2nd Cameron Highlanders put up a stern struggle and there was no score when full time was reached. Extra time was played and five minutes from the end Lieutenant Clarke scored for the "Commos" from a pass by Lieutenant Hegan.

### GENERAL RECREATION COMMITTEE.

The following are the members of the General Recreation Committee who have been elected to look after the interests of the various sports for the ensuing year:

President—Capt. M. H. A. Drury.

Sec. and Treas.—S.M. (W.O.I.) J. Mountford.

Representative for Hockey—Pte. W. McKerrall.

Representative for Football—Sgt. W. Campbell, M.M.

Representative for Cricket—Cpl. T. Sheehy.

Representative for Baseball—Q.M.S.I. J. H. Dowdell.

Representative for Aquatics—S/Sgt. W. T. C. Ellis.

Representative for Gymnasium, etc.—Cpl. J. Jennings.

Representative for Library and Billiards—Pte. G. Penny.

Representative for Entertainments—Pte. D. Gardner.

### TWILIGHT BALL LEAGUE.

Monday, Apr. 30, the representatives of the various teams playing in last year's Twilight Ball League, met in the club room at Big Sam's Alleys, representatives from the Harts, Dragoons, K. of C. and Singers were present, with President Dave Imrie in the chair.

Before the business started, a letter was read from the Singer Recreation and Social Club, appointing delegates to the meeting, but as the Singer ball team hold the franchise and not the Recreation and Social Club, as was explained by the president, the delegates withdrew, though they were asked to remain.

On motion of Phil Brault, seconded

by Geo. Clarkson, Dave Imrie was again elected president of the league, and the same officers as last year re-elected, with Armand Bayard at his old job of Secretary-Treasurer.

The schedule was then discussed and it was agreed to keep the same position as to clubs, but that the first game would be played on May 16th, Wednesday.

It was again decided to have seven innings as the length of a game. The games to start at 6.30 advanced time, Wednesday and Fridays.

Matters pertaining to referee, games that ended on account of darkness, draw games and other incidents to ball playing were thrashed out, and agreements arrived at on each point.

A representative of a sporting goods firm was present and showed samples of material for uniforms, ball shoes and baseballs and several local dealers were also on hand.

After some minor matters had been given the once over the meeting adjourned. If the harmony shown at the meeting is carried into the game, there ought to be a rattling good series this year, with none of the disputes that threatened to break up the series last year.

As the boys play in this league for the honour, and as it undoubtedly entails considerable sacrifice of time and other pleasures on their part it is up to the public to support in full measure their efforts to provide a clean sport to pass the time a couple of evenings in the week, as the games will be played on Wednesdays and Fridays, with any draws or postponed games played on the Monday evening following the regular date.

Every one should make an effort to be on hand for the opening game on Wednesday evening, May 16th.

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# R.C.D. AND IMP. TOBACCO SHARE HONOURS.

On Saturday afternoon, 12th May, those present at the Barracks' football field, witnessed a close, clean and at times thrilling game between "A" R.C.D. and Imperial Tobacco.

The visitors won the toss and availed themselves of the slight wind. From the kick-off, the cavalry men carried the play up to the visitors' goal. Hargreaves sent Harris away with a perfect pass, but the latter, hesitating in front of goal, was dispossessed of the ball by a visiting back, who conceded a 'corner.' The corner-kick proving fruitless, a deal of mid-field play followed—both defences playing well forward. On our left, Lawrence brought off a couple of brilliant runs up the field, terminating with perfect centres, which went begging. The play in this half was always interesting, but both teams seemed to be reserving themselves for the final stages of the game, and half-time arrived with the score—

R. C. D.—0.

Imp. Tobacco—0.

The second half started off with end to end play, both teams working harder. After ten minutes' play the visiting centre forward broke away, and passed to his inside left, who beat Campbell with a first-time drive, putting the visitors one in the lead. From the centre the home team became exceedingly dangerous; raiding the visiting goal time after time; nothing resulted, however, until one of the Imperial backs, in trying to break up a particularly dangerous movement, handled the ball in the penalty area; Pte. Lawrence took the penalty kick and easily beat the opposing goalie, thus tying the score.

In the latter stages of the game, Imperial Tobacco were practically hemmed in their penalty area, and at times had two men in goal. Cpl. Gilmore in taking a free-kick almost beat the goalies, who just managed to fist the ball out, and Lawrence meeting the rebound, smashed the ball into the net, but the referee disallowed the goal, awarding the visitors a free kick.

In spite of all their efforts the home team could not secure a second goal, the final whistle sounded with the score—

R. C. D.—1.

Imp. Tobacco—1.

We think the Imperial Tobacco are the luckiest team we have struck in a long while, and hope they will treasure that "point" they took home, because they did not deserve it, on the play. All our fellows played a good game, the backs especially, and Mad-docks quite justified his selection.

R.C.D.—Campbell, L/Cpl. Gil-mour, S.S.M. Smith, Pte. Maddox, Pte. Woods, Lt. Hammond, Pte. Harris, Pte. Lewis, W. Nethercut, Sgt. Campbell, Pte. Lawrence.

# CANADA'S JOINT COUNCIL FOR DEFENCE.

A Defensive Council to advise the Minister of National Defence on all matters relating to the naval, military and air service of Canada was created with the coming into effect of the National Defence Act on Jan. 1. This Act amalgamates the Departments of Militia, Naval Service and Air Board under the administration of Hon. George P. Graham, who takes the title of Minister of National Defence.

The Deputy Minister of the new department is Major-General Sir Eugene Fiset, C.M.G., D.S.O., who is at present absent on sick leave pending his retirement on account of ill health. In accordance with the provisions of the National Defence Act, the Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., continues to act as Deputy Minister of the Naval Service for a period of two months after the coming into being of the new department, and at the expiration of that period he will assume the duties of Comptroller of the department. Mr. Desbarats has also been appointed Acting Deputy Minister of the new department.

The Defence Council which is to advise the Minister will consist of the following:—

President: The Minister.

Vice-President: The Deputy Minister.

Members: The Comptroller, the Chief of Staff, and the Director of the Naval Service; associate members, the Adjutant-General, the Quartermaster-General and the Director of the Canadian Air Force.

The Chief of Staff, Department of National Defence, is Major-General J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Director of Naval Services: Captain Walter Hose, C.B., R.C.N.

Adjutant-General: Major-General Sir E. W. B. Morrison, K.C. M.G., C.B., D.S.O.

Quartermaster-General: Major-General E. C. Ashton, C.M.G.

Director of Canadian Air Force: Wing Commander J. L. Gordon (acting).

Assistant Deputy Minister: H. W. Brown.

Judge Advocate-General: Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Orde.

Naval Secretary: Paymaster Commander J. A. E. Woodhouse, R.N.

Director of Naval Intelligence:



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Naval Staff Captain: Lieutenant V. Brodeur, R.C.N.

The closer co-operation between the three Departments of Militia, Naval Service and Air Board will, it is expected, lead both to greatly increased efficiency and to reduced cost of administration. Already, it is said, the reorganization which has taken place in these departments as a result of the amalgamation has effected a large saving, and further economies are expected to be realized.—Canadian Military Gazette.

Note.—Hon. E. M. McDonald is now Minister.

# THE DOMINIONS AT OLYMPIA.

It is time that a team from India or the Dominions made its appearance at Olympia, and from certain indications it is probable that a request to show in London may be forthcoming from at least two units. The large number of senior officers from overseas who witnessed the superb Tournaments of 1919 and 1920 carried away with them an impression that they might co-operate when their local forces had become re-established. It would not be the first time, of course, that Dominion troops have

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given displays at the Tournament. In 1891 a detachment of the Victorian Mounted Rifles created great enthusiasm, and two years later this success was repeated with the Victorian Horse Artillery and New South Wales Lancers. In Diamond Jubilee year Cyprus Police, a North Borneo team, and the New South Wales Mounted Rifles appeared, followed by an Indian Army detachment and one from the West African Regiment. Among foreign Armies, the French and Italian have contributed to the programme, and there is a prospect of the United States Cavalry paying a visit with a team next year.—From Army, Navy & Air Force Magazine.

What would we think if we witnessed a person playing tennis in "plus fours"?—then why use hoc-key shirts for foot-ball?



**"ONE GOOD TURN."**

(Continued from page 3.)

prove the rations, which consisted solely of black bread and barley water. And on this the prisoners were expected to put in ten to twelve hours' work a day.

One evening Trooper Deacon broke from the camp and found near it a potato patch. Having secured a supply of potatoes, he was on his way back to camp when he encountered Hatzmann. To his surprise the German official did not discipline him. Instead he endorsed his action, sadly admitting, that he knew the "Englanders" were ill fed because there was no food for them. And he did even more, for thereafter he permitted the prisoners to go out and forage for the potatoes, which were guarded from the depredations of civilians by an armed sentry. Finally Hatzmann was called from his prison camp to return to the front. When he left he was given by the prisoner whom he had befriended a document which must be unique among the annals of the war. It read as follows:

September 5, 1918.

"To My Comrades,

"I wish to write a line or two to state that if by any chance this German soldier, Willy Hatzmann, is captured by any of you boys, I hope you will use him in a very gentlemanly manner, for I and my few boy chums here can honestly say that while under his care he has treated us all the very best and when food has been scarce he always saw that we got our share—and perhaps a little more.

"This fellow is one of the best Germans we have met, and we all hope that if he should ever have the luck to be taken by any of the Allies that he will be well looked after and given a good job. He is a very good cook and barber.

"The boys whom he has been so good to wish to sign their names and addresses and hope that you will notify our people that we are doing all right and not to worry."

That was the last Trooper Deacon heard of Under-Officer Hatzmann until recently, when he received a letter from his friend. The only address Hatzmann had was Deacon's rank and name and Canada, so that the letter was on its way three months before it reached the Canadian ex-trooper. For his own identification Hatzmann enclosed his photograph and a copy of the document he had received from Deacon in 1918. The letter speaks of the tribulation which has fallen on part of the

German population, and is a grim reminder of what the French and Belgians were forced to endure during the four years of the war. It follows:

"Luberek, Germany,

"December 15, 1922.

"Dear Sir,—

If this letter will come into your hands, you will be very astonished to receive a letter from Germany. But you must know my name, and therefore I add, too, a photograph for legitimation (identification) and letter you have written the 5th of September, 1918, in the German camp of prisoners of war in Etreuse, France.

"Do you remember of the German soldier who tried to lighten your life of imprisonment and who was always willing to take care for your being well? Those time I was very sorry to disconnect me from you, because we had lived in best friendship. Therefore, in my life, this time will be always one of the most beautiful remembrances of war.

"I hope and wish that you have reached happily your home, and to be glad your wholesome. I also returned to my home. But how?

"Four long and black-dirt years have passed and the misery of my fatherland is always on the growing; and all this, because we must own the mentation of guilt of the Treaty of Versailles!

"The want of employment and hunger vile haughtily. The dollar plays first fiddle, and the German mark has no value. One struggles for life and death against this situation. I should be as bright as a bee at a sign of life and a photograph of you.

"I will finish now, and I hope that my few lines will get in your dear hands.

"With the most heartiest greets for you and your dear family, I am, your most affectionate,

"Willy Hatzmann."

One of these mornings when Hatzmann opens his mail he is going to get the surprise of his young life. He will find a registered letter bearing a Toronto postmark, and enclosed will be the equivalent of \$10, or somewhere around 350,000 marks. Next month there will be a similar letter and perhaps every month indefinitely. The donors are ex-trooper Deacon and a few of his ex-soldier comrades who are now employed as clerks in the Toronto City Hall. The explanation is that in 1918, while all the world seemed mad, kind hearts were still doing business, and that in 1923 gratitude is not extinct.

Harry Deacon served with "C" Squadron, R.C.D. He was taken prisoner in the March show 1918.—The Editor.

**THE BRAN MASH.**

My friend Mauchan was rambling along the other evening something in this style: The Scot, he observed, is a natural born linguist. There is hardly a language that he cannot pick up almost by ear, you might say, and speak it as well as a native.

For instance, the Scot has been speaking English for only a relatively short time—say five hundred years or so—and yet the purest English is spoken just as the purest Scotch is drunk right on the banks of the Clyde. Chinese has no terrors for a Scotsman. The English have great difficulty in mastering it, but not so the Scotch. For instance, there were two members of a Highland Regiment taking part in the capture of Wei Hai Wei, during the Boxer Rebellion. Almost immediately they began to speak in Chinese, or at any rate the Chinese recognized it as such. The conversation was as follows: Sandy—"Weel, We hae Wei Hai Wei." Jock: "Hae we?" Sandy: "Ay, we hae."

Brown and Murphy were playing "The Royal and Ancient" game. At the first tee Murphy drove into the rough, while Brown landed on the fairway. For more than five minutes he watched Murphy make futile attempts to dislodge his ball and at last he was successful.

"Hey, Murphy," Brown inquired, "How many did you do that in?" "Three," Murphy replied laconically. "Three," Brown exclaimed, "why you bally crook I saw you hit at that ball fifty or sixty times. I don't know how many it was—a hundred maybe."

"When was this?" Murphy asked innocently.

"When you were in the rough just now," Brown said.

"Oh! That time!" Murphy cried. "That was when I was killing a snake."

Coffee and cigars had been reached by the five men at dinner.

It had been an elaborate meal—six or eight courses.

One of the five was the life of the party. He recounted anecdotes, invented epigrams, gave imitations, grinned continuously, and laughed loudly. He was the life of the party. By profession, he was a pallbearer.

A second man chuckled a great deal, told a racy story, and winked. He was a deacon.

The third man smiled occasionally, but said little. He was a broker.

The fourth man never smiled, and whenever he said anything it was something gloomy. He was a

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professional humorist.

The fifth man sat like a clam and glowered. He was paying for the dinner.

It was a balmy evening in the park. They occupied one-eighth of a park bench together.

They did not see the approaching policeman, and it was quite a shock to them when he gave the order to cease spooning.

"This here's public property," said the arm of the law, "it ain't run for no private pleasure."

So they went to the railroad station, and stood at the gate, and every time a train pulled out or a train pulled in, they mingled with the outgoing and incoming passengers, and kissed.

Thus they maintained their average, without interference.

At last, a porter got wise to their scheme.

"Say," he whispered in the young man's ear, "why don't you go down stairs? There's a local leaves every minute."

An editor has been shot in Germany. An unpublished poet points out that it is not advisable to shoot at an Editor in our own country because of the danger of the bullet bouncing off him and doing some damage.

During Battling Siki's visit to Dublin he stopped at a news vendor's stand on College Green, the news vendor asked, "What paper, Sir? Spectator?" Siki replied, "No, I will have one of those English boxing journals. Give me 'PUNCH'."





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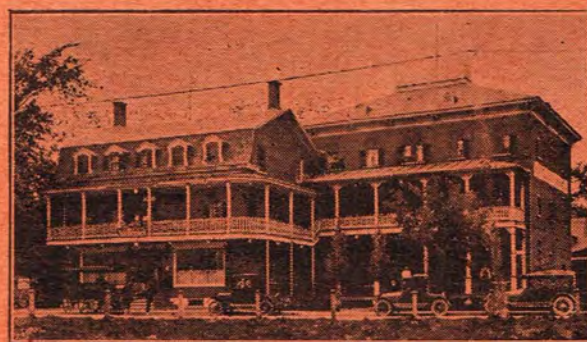
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